

He was a bit absent minded at times. The house in Rockingham was four or five blocks from the center of town. Alf and Alice drove to town one summer morning. She had a few errands; he planned to talk to the boys in the hardware store; they were to meet at the car and drive back home. He visited for awhile and walked home. Guess who had the keys? She finished her errands, stood waiting in the sun a couple of hours, and finally decided to walk... He was sitting in the shade on the front porch when she arrived. Now this was some sixty-five years ago, and I will not try to describe accurately the emotions shown, if not spoken, as she crossed the porch and entered the house; however, the word livid comes to mind. This was an ah-pshaw moment.

He left Rockingham when he was again drafted into the army in 1942. He was older than the normal draft age, but Richmond County had an active draft board at the beginning of WW II and the need for men was urgent. Needless to say, it was very unusual to be drafted into both world wars. While in the army, he taught mathematics to artillery students at Fort Benning, GA. When his mother died, Alfred was at Fort Benning and had difficulty getting home for the funeral. He arrived just before the casket was to be lowered into the grave and the minister explaining the situation to the assembly asked that the casket be opened so Alfred could take one last look at his mother. He was released from active duty in less than a year. After his discharge he and Alice were divorced for the first time – the first of three.

He worked in Richmond (I believe) for the U.S. Postal Service for a while and then went to Brooklyn Law School. After he graduated, about 1946, he made two unsuccessful attempts to pass the New York bar.

He and Alice=s brother, Charlie, also divorced, lived together. This was some pair, complete opposites in every respect. I visited their apartment in New York on one occasion and noticed a set of golf clubs that did not look like Charlie=s. Alf said, Athey are mine.@ Abut you don=t play golf.@ I said. Acharlie needed a golfing partner. I needed a hunting partner. So we made an agreement.@ It was then that I noticed that the clubs were left handed and said, Abut they are left handed clubs.@ He replied, A They were the cheapest at the pawn shop.@

He and Alice married for the second time in the early fifties, but they soon divorced again. The third time they married it seems that they had not discussed where they were to live. By this time he had retired and was living in Pitt County. Her home was still in Richmond County. No compromise was reached and they divorced again. I think good bird hunting in Richmond County could have changed history.

He retired from his job with a New York toy manufacturing company in 1955, moved to Pitt County, and went hunting.